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CALIFORNIA.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., May 6, '90.
DEAR INTERIOR:—Notwithstanding the numerous reports to the effect that orange growing is one of the most profitable as well as pleasant occupations in which one can engage, there are really many things that have to be contended with. Sometimes the trouble comes in heavy and long-continued winds, blowing the fruit off before it is ready for market, or injuring the trees; sometimes in the form of scale bugs of the white, black or red variety and sometimes in sickness brought on by much irrigation when the weather is oppressively hot, &c. There are said to be two remedies for the scale pest: spraying with certain chemical mixtures, and the propagation of the Australian Lady Bug. The first seems about as likely to kill the trees as the bugs, and some growers will not use the sprays, which the Horticultural Commission is trying to force them to do, claiming that thousands of citrus trees have been ruined by that method. The latter, tho' said to work well, has not been very generally tried. A gentleman of San Francisco, who had made a study of the subject, caught onto the fact that in Australia these Lady Bugs were known to devour scale with great avidity, and that thro' their instrumentality the trees there were kept clear of this injurious element. So he procured a small lot from the island and distributed them among several large California orange growers. They were let loose on the trees, and being capable of multiplying very rapidly, soon grew into immense swarms, that went for the scale at a rate which was at once gratifying to the orchardist, and are said to have cleared the trees of all infection. I think there must be some disadvantage connected with this procedure also, as it has not been universally adopted. Can it be that the remedy is worse than the disease, as in the case of the English sparrow and the caterpillar? As I have not been in any district where the experiment was made, am unable to say. It seems that the scale pest has not attacked the Riverside orchards to any great extent, and this is where the finest oranges and the largest crops are raised. But in and around Santa Ana and Orange, I'm informed, the people have been cutting down and burning orange trees all winter.

Growers of other fruits have their trials also. For instance: in some parts of Southern California the grape vines have been ruined by blight. In other places the unusually wet winter has killed large numbers of fruit trees, and in others still the Codlin moth has made its appearance. Then comes the greedy middleman, who gets a big share of the profits; but the growers are organizing and declare that hereafter all fruit shall be sold at home and none shipped abroad on commission. Still, with all these drawbacks, there's money in the business for intelligent and experienced men; but the net proceeds are not near so large as Eastern people imagine from the reports of individuals and those of the newspapers.

There is one thing that the people of Kentucky might learn from Californians to their great advantage in the care of fruit trees. It matters not what the kind of orchard, it is thoroughly worked every year, and often several times, and the trees trimmed of any dead or dying limbs. When this is not done, the trees don't bear half crops, and finally die out or become worthless. In Kentucky it is considered actually disadvantageous to cultivate orchards; but, from what I've seen, I'm sure it's a great mistake. As rich as the soil here is, numbers of fruit raisers manure their trees every season. They are not satisfied with a half crop, but want as much fruit as the trees can bear up.

The school system of California seems to be splendidly carried out. The buildings are numerous and are generally among the handsomest in the towns. Besides fine public schools are many first-rate private schools and colleges; and, if a person does not acquire a good education, it is his own fault. California, like Texas, has a large quantity of school lands, the proceeds of which go to the maintenance of the public schools. In every township the 16th and 32d sections have been reserved for this purpose.

Since my last report there have been two beautiful days, but the balance of the week has been cool, foggy and cloudy, with some rain last night. I don't say with the poet,

"Give me a home by the sea,
Where the wild waves are crested with foam."

It is no doubt the pleasantest place in summer, but during the winter and spring it is too damp and chilly, even in this mild climate.

One of the most interesting objects in this vicinity is the old Santa Barbara Mission, just outside the town limits. It is built of stone, with immensely thick walls, and covered with tiling, and was founded in 1786. The main building is 200 feet long by 50 in breadth, with a wing 130 long. It is the best preserved mission church in California and the only one in which Franciscan monks still dwell. Had the pleasure of seeing sev-

eral of these old fathers, dressed in their peculiar fashion. The chapel is a regular curiosity shop, filled with strange figures and images and quaint pictures, a few of which are well executed. I was allowed to go up into the bell tower, where there is a fine view of the town and surrounding country, and from there I got a peep at their private flower garden, which is nicely laid out and well kept, and is a pleasant resort for the old monks. There are 24 of these old Spanish missions in the State, but most of them are so old they have either fallen down or are on the verge of decay.

T. R. WALTON.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Miss Lettie Brown entertained a select few at the home of her uncle, Richard and Pony Beazley. As they were all young girls Pony found them congenial, and if possible he made himself more agreeable than usual.

—For three nights Signor Basco has given entertainments that were greatly enjoyed and largely attended. Many presents were drawn. The last night wound up with a great dance and cake walk. A gold chain and locket was given to Mrs. L. W. Landrum for being the most beautiful lady dancer on the floor and John M. Farra received a silver cup for the most proficient gentleman dancer.

—E. K. Higgins, traveling salesman for P. G. Coker, was in town the first of this week, bringing happiness to many a girlish heart. The first and principal reason is self-evident, while the many beautiful hats he left are their especial delight. Mr. Davis, of Hebron, is visiting his daughter, Miss Bessie, at the College. A. M. Kinnaird left Tuesday for Middlesboro, to accept a lucrative position. W. S. Miller and family left Thursday night for Knoxville. Dr. J. W. Grant left yesterday for London on business. Miss Kate Walden leaves Thursday for a lengthy visit to Crawfordville, Ind. Mr. VanPelt, the Danville postmaster, was in town Thursday.

HUBBLE.—Green Bright has sold his large cattle, to be delivered in July, to Eugene Lee, for \$4. James Robinson sheared 500 pounds of wool from his 100 sheep and sold it at 22 cents to Marksberry, at Lancaster. Miss Fannie Gilvin is confined to her bed. Mrs. Jennie Bright has returned from Middlesboro. She has rented a boarding-house, which she and Miss Lou will start in a few days. We hope they will have good luck and make lots of money. S. Dunbar and wife are arranging to go to Russell on a visit. Mr. S. get back as soon as you can, as we will miss you in our lodge. George Enbanks, Jr., has been making some new kind of harrows, which Fount Myers has been introducing. A brick with some well developed dog tracks on it was taken from George Bright's burned house, which was built 73 years ago, and Dunbar, Bright and Hutchings have a pack of hounds which will smell and bark on the track, but it has been gone too long for them to have a race. Brick masons have completed their work on Bright's house and the carpenters will finish up in about 10 days. Dunbar sold his hemp to Marksberry for \$1. Jennie Sutton, of color, was taken with convulsions Tuesday and has been so affected several days. Sam Pullins, of color, went to Lancaster Sunday and by some means ran over a child on the street, for which he was arrested. J. W. Bright went on his bond to appear Saturday for trial.

A LITTLE BEHIND TIME.

A petition dated April 28 was gotten up against me as post-master at Hubble, politics being the only charge, with few names to it, three of whom are white and the remainder colored. A number of them claim to know but little or nothing about it and never saw it or heard it read. Now, for the benefit of applicants, I will say the petition is against the wrong party, as I resigned March 20th, and recommended my successor, a republican, who was appointed and took charge of the office April 7, and received a hearty approval by a very large majority of the people of this post-office. Hope the next effort will be against the party in office and that justice, promptness and accuracy may ever be our motto.

J. A. HAMMONDS.

Injudicious feeding of a horse often produces far more baneful results than does overwork, says the Sporting World. When a horse is constantly kept upon food as concentrated as he can bear there is necessarily a tendency to inflammation and consequent lameness, but lameness is more certainly produced with sudden changes from bulky to concentrated food, and that on the day when his feet are to be most severely tried by concussion on a hard road. It would be safer to abuse his digestive organs one day and his feet another than to abuse them both at the same time. Gross feeding horses can be lamed at any time, without any extra work, by simply giving them more corn and less chaff.

—The Louisiana Lottery Co. has doubled its offer to the State and now offers \$1,000,000 per annum for the privilege of maintaining a lottery.

CRAB ORCHARD.

—Clean up your premises and whiten your fences for summer is a-comin'.

—Mrs. W. K. Buchanan on last Monday opened a select school at the public school building.

—Up to date J. H. Hutchings' distillery has turned out 350 barrels of "Old Bourbon," or about 15,750 gallons.

—Rev. James Rice preached at the Baptist church Sunday and Rev. Joseph Caldwell at the Walnut Flat on the same day.

—Having adopted the cash system on May 1st, I hereby notify you who are indebted to me to call and settle at once. J. R. Bailey.

—The Courier-Journal has issued a new series of instructions to its special correspondents, which in themselves are proof of the high-toned character of that paper.

—Bryant Kidd, of the Ottenheim locality, has drawn \$850 from Uncle Sam's exchequer for the services of his son, who died of "an ailment contracted in the war."

—The hog case came up Saturday and developed considerable legal intricacy. Peter Moore and a fellow named Gibson, son and brother-in-law of the man to whom the shoats belonged, were arraigned before the court on the charge of releasing the hogs. The gist of the evidence against them was that they were found driving the hogs to Pulaski. After an exciting hearing, the parties were held in a bond of \$100 and \$150 respectively, and the case was carried to higher court.

—Mrs. Dr. J. G. Moore, of Jellico, is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. P. Newland. Supervisor Atkins, of the L. & N., was in town this week. Miss Allie Fish has returned from a delightful visit to her sister, Mrs. Dr. James Black, of Madison county. John Buchanan, Jr., of the Louisville Times, spent Sunday at "Elmwood" with his parents. "Jack's" courtesy and geniality has made him a general favorite with the boys here, who will be glad to learn that he is developing into a fine business man in the Falls City. J. C. Rinehart and wife were down from Pineville Sunday. Mr. Rinehart is on his way to Covington as one of Uncle Sam's witnesses against the Bell county moonshiners. J. W. James is in Florida looking after his phosphate beds. Our old friend, T. N. Roberts, of Danville, passed up on Sunday's train to Barboursville to see his "mountain girl," visit old acquaintances and rove amid scenes endeared in days gone by. J. Robert Edmiston returned to Middlesboro this week. He was accompanied as far as Hazel Patch by Mr. Burney Fish, who goes thither to learn telegraphy. Mrs. Ellen McRoberts, of the Hubble vicinity, is the guest of Mrs. W. T. Stephenson. Messrs. Sam'l Magee and Willie Pettus, of Pineville, are down to see their home-folks. Mrs. M. C. Williams, with her two pretty children, is visiting her father, Mr. W. F. Kennedy, on Stanford street. "Big Andy" Rice, the jolliest soul in Garrard county, was here Sunday and took the south-bound train for the boom towns in the Cumberland Valley. Mr. W. M. O'Bryan was here Monday. He and his handsome wife will attend the national convention of the R. S. A., which convenes at Cleveland, O., May 21st.

The United States government has been the largest owner of arable land on the earth; the total area of the "public domain," sold and unsold, amounts to 1,849,072,587 acres, and constitutes 72 per cent. of the total area of the United States, including Alaska. About 700,000,000 acres of land have been sold and donated; about 1,150,000,000 acres remain unsold. As the area of Alaska is 369,530,000 acres, the area unsold exclusive of that territory is about 780,000,000 acres.—Current Literature.

Mr. Hamlet—I am grossly insulted sir. Manager—Well, what's the matter now? Mr. Hamlet—Here, you engage me for the part of Uncle Tom, a role in which I am without a peer, and I find that you have also engaged two others for the same part. Manager—Oh, that's all right. You shall play it first. We are going to play "Uncle Tom" in the rough mining towns of the far West and I thought two understudies might be needed.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is when once given a trial Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at A. R. Penny's.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think—can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and Electric Bitters. You will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents at A. R. Penny's drug store.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—The G. A. R. post here will observe decoration day.

—Hugh Miller has a fine specimen of a petrified terrapin.

—A small house belonging to Dick Smith, on the Richmond road, was burned Monday night.

—The new wire now being put up from Louisville over this line has reached a point south of Lebanon.

—Miss Sarah Lawrence, a servant in the family of D. C. Poynter, while hunting hen nests in a stable loft Wednesday morning fell, and was dangerously injured.

—Democrats, remember to-morrow, Saturday, is the date of meeting to appoint delegates to the Louisville convention to nominate a candidate for clerk of the Court of Appeals.

—Rockcastle, thanks to the efforts of a few who have not become entirely discouraged, has a road law. It has just passed the Senate. It provides that all able bodied male citizens shall work six days in each year, or furnish a substitute. A tax of 10 cents per \$100 worth of property will be levied also for road purposes.

—Col. J. B. Fish, who has been laid up here for two weeks with rheumatism, will leave in a few days for Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. T. J. Hammonds, of Lancaster, was here Wednesday. Richard Thomas and D. P. Bethurum returned from Covington yesterday. Mr. H. C. Gentry is in from Lovell, where he has extensive tan bark contracts. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown with little Conie are in Louisville. Judge G. W. McClure has returned from Frankfort. Mr. P. A. Pitman is in Somerset for a few days.

To The Democracy of Lincoln.

You are respectfully called to meet in mass convention at the Court-House in Stanford, Saturday, 17th, at 2 o'clock, to name delegates to the State Convention, to be held in Louisville on the 28th, to nominate a candidate for clerk of the Court of Appeals.

T. D. NEWLAND, Ch'n.

MR. WANAMAKER'S LIFE INSURANCE.—John Wanamaker carries \$1,700,000 life insurance. A man in the world (probably not two men) supports such a number of policies as he. It is quite certain that he must have policies in nearly every company in the world. Only three companies will risk as much as \$100,000 in a human life, and those are in New York.

This amount of life insurance must cost Mr. Wanamaker between \$300,000 and \$400,000 per year, but it is a good investment if a man engages in such large transactions as he, because if it enters into his business standing it gives those he deals with a certain knowledge that when he dies there will be money to carry on the business.—Chatter.

—They seem to like prohibition in Hardin county. The majority for it on the second election is 724.

A Child Killed.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by A. R. Penny.

Is Life Worth Living?

Not if you go through the world? a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency and constipation. Guaranteed and sold by A. R. Penny.

We Can and Do

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilis, poisoning, ulcers, eruptions and pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. A. R. Penny.

A Duty to Yourself.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not grip. For sale by A. R. Penny.

Can't Sleep Nights

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all lung troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25c and 50c by A. R. Penny.

'Twas after the ball,
'Twas dark in the hall,
Her "good-night" was not very emphatic;
'Twas such a good chance
For sweetest romance,
And I lingered with longing ecstatic.
'Twas dark in the hall,
'Twas after the ball.

'Twas after the ball,
'Twas dark in the hall—
Such a chance for a parting romantic!
And—she was not cold,
Why was I not bold?
When I think of it now I am frantic.
'Twas dark in the hall,
Just dark—that was all.

Says the Southern Medical World:
"Mother's Friend" is growing in favor throughout the South and is highly recommended by physicians. We consider it indispensable to those who know they must pass through the ordeal of child-birth. Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

DRUNKENNESS—THE LIQUOR HABIT—in all the World there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drinkers have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they had drunk of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 125 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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The Dream of Enthusiasm Crystallized into Stubborn and Indisputable Facts.

Electric Street Car Lines, Water Works, Oil Refinery, Glass Factory and Planing Mill, all to be Erected and in Operation this Summer, and work will begin on these Enterprises at once.

Somerset is located on the C. S. R. R. and is a progressive and prosperous town of 3,500. Two Banks, showing a capital stock of \$180,000, splendid Public Schools and other enterprises and institutions make her future exceedingly bright. H. Haerlin, the Great landscape artist, is about through the survey for a route of a street railway through the city, which will be operated either by steam or electricity. A complete system of water works, with reservoir, on Crescent Hill will be immediately constructed. The minerals in Pulaski county are noted for their purity and inexhaustible supply. The superior quality of sand and several oil wells are attracting the attention of wide-awake men and it will not be long till a glass factory and an oil refinery will be put into operation. The railroad facilities of Somerset are first-class. Eight passenger trains pass daily and being half way between Cincinnati and Chattanooga, it is the business point of the head officials of the Railroad Company, who will co-operate in the further development of the wonderful natural resources the grand county of Pulaski possesses. The Cincinnati, Alabama & Atlantic R. R. is now an assured fact, and passing as it will through Somerset, adds another to her many advantages.

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Hardware, Croceries, Stoves, Salt, Lime, &c.

Plows! Plows! Plows! Buy the Oliver Chill or Hamilton Steel Plow and you will make no mistake. No plow is equal to those; no plow ever had the run that the Oliver has. Every plow warranted to do good work, or no sale. Ask your neighbor.

NOTICE.

Having secured the services of

MR. THOS. DALTON, OF CHICAGO,
I am now fully prepared to do

ALL KINDS OF WATCH WORK

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FINE ENGRAVING

All work warranted and promptly done

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MEDICATED FOOD,

A Sure Cure for all Diseases in

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Arising from Impurities of the Blood, and from Functional Derangements.

A DEAD SHOT ON WORMS, AND A CERTAIN PREVENTION OF HOG CHOLERA.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Druggist, Stanford; W. C. Bailey, General Merchandise, Turnersville; N. & R. Jones, Mt. Salem; W. L. McCarty, Druggist, Kingsburg; C. C. Goetz & Co., Waynesburg; W. E. McPherson, Rowland; J. F. Routen, Druggist, Milledgeville; F. Arthur Zeller, Druggist, Crab Orchard; W. H. Cummings, General Merchandise, Preachersville; J. A. Williams, Druggist, McKinney; C. H. Baker, General Merchandise, Highland.

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W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.



JOHN G. CARLISLE.

THE Legislative caucus to nominate a democratic candidate for U. S. Senator did nothing the first night of its meeting except to adopt the rules of the House for its government and resolve to prevent an election until a nomination was made. This was done in order to preclude a combination with the republican members, who might hold the balance of power. In order to carry out this resolution the members complimented various and sundry people by voting for them during the session of the legislature. Among them we notice that our neighboring countyman, Hon. R. H. Tomlinson, was credited with three votes, hardly enough for any practical purpose, but quite a compliment all the same. The next night the nomination of candidates was in order when the names of Gov. Knott, Judge Laban T. Moore, Gov. McCreary, Mr. Carlisle, Judge Lindsay and Evan Settle were presented in the order named. Hon. R. C. Warren nominated Gov. McCreary in a speech which was acknowledged to be a very fine effort. Senator Mulligan nominated Carlisle and in doing so more than maintained his reputation as an eloquent orator. The speech of Mr. Thomas, of Bourbon, nominating Judge Lindsay was also a very superior effort. Messrs. Cooper and McChord nominated Gov. Knott and did it very handsomely. The names of Gov. Buckner, McKenzie and Judge Reeves were not presented and the hour being very late the caucus adjourned by a vote of 66 to 46, the Carlisle men voting solidly to take a ballot before adjourning.

Wednesday night there were four ballots taken, Carlisle starting with 34 and ending with 39; McCreary with 10, going to 15 and ending with 12. Lindsay started with 26 and had 29 at the close; Knott 27 to start with, but lost steadily and ended with 16; Moore had 12 on the last ballot and Settle 7. Gov. McCreary's 15 were Senator Anderson and Representatives Henslev, Long, Mathers, Rowlett, Settle, W. B. Smith, Tomlinson, Warren, Welch, Williams, Stephenson. After the fourth ballot the caucus adjourned till last night and at the session yesterday the members voted scattering, as the day before.

It begins to look now like Carlisle is a dead sure winner. The balloting does not show our candidate as strong as we had counted, while Carlisle is gaining right along. While personally we should like very much to see our excellent congressman honored with the nomination, we have naught but praise and good will for the great champion of tariff reform and if he is nominated we will rejoice almost as much as if our favorite had won. Carlisle seems to be the choice of the people now and their voice is the voice of God.

The attorneys and courts have done Kemmler, the New York murderer, condemned to die by electricity, a great and grievous wrong. He was booked to die the first week in May and he made his preparations accordingly. He read the Bible, sung Psalms and was fully prepared, he said, to meet death and his Maker. But a stay of proceedings was granted under a habeas corpus writ and Kemmler, satisfied that he will not die after all, has given his spiritual advisers the cold shoulder, substituted ungodly songs for church hymns and backslided generally. Thus a bright little angel was spoiled and Kemmler follows in the footsteps of his real master, of whom it is said: When the devil got sick, a monk he would be, but when he got well the devil of a monk was he.

Owing to the bad feeling of some of Carlisle's managers, Little Phil Thompson was sent for to harmonize matters and he seems to have succeeded. It is stated that a number of Carlisle's warmest supporters from his district do not speak to him, the reason for their earnestness being to get him out of their way for Congress. In the event of his election there will be a dozen candidates in the 6th.

W. L. LYONS has been elected mayor pro tempore of Louisville during the absence of Mayor Jacob, who takes a foreign tour for the benefit of his health. As Mr. Lyons was president of the Louisville Base Ball Club last season he would seem to be fully competent for the duties devolving upon him.

THE members of the Kentucky Press Association have no doubt read Col. W. M. Hull's article in the Courier-Journal of the 12th, relative to the Old Point excursion. It fully states the matter and we are sure those who will consider it fully will agree that it is a very happy solution of the question. The C. & O. has changed hands since Mr. W. A. Wilgus, who was with the old corporation, extended the invitation to the K. P. A., and that gentleman is not now connected with the road. Mr. H. W. Fuller, the clever and accommodating general passenger agent, is willing to do everything he can to fulfill the obligation of the former management, incurred through Mr. Wilgus, except to run the special train, which would cost \$2,000 and be chargeable to his department. It is his desire, he told us, when we called at his office in Cincinnati, to make as good a showing as possible and to operate his department on as economical a basis as he could. He proposed two plans, both of which we consider reasonable and liberal. If as many as 100 members and their wives and daughters wish to go and will so express themselves to us, he will run the special at the lowest round-trip rate ever offered—\$9, or he will issue free passes to a reasonable number of editors, during the summer, upon application to and recommendation from us. This will be far more pleasant than going in a body, which would subject the members to all the inconveniences that crowded hotels impose. We do not see that the big-hearted Will Wilgus had any reason to feel embarrassed in the matter at all, certainly not after this very satisfactory compromise.

We are in receipt of a letter from Judge W. M. Beckner, chairman of the Executive Committee, saying that the meeting would be postponed from the 4th to the 25th, owing to several unforeseen reasons, one of them being the delay in the completion of the Kentucky Union road to Jackson, caused by the washing away of its bridge over the Kentucky river. An excursion over the road is to be a feature of the entertainment, and so the meeting was postponed. It is just as well, besides, as President E. Polk Johnson expresses it, we are to be the guests of the citizens of Winchester and they must be consulted as to the most agreeable time for us to visit them.

PROHIBITION got another black eye this week, this time in Kansas. Judge Cozzier has pronounced unconstitutional the provision of the law conferring power upon the Attorney General and his assistants to summon persons before him to testify as to violations of law so that they can issue an indictment against the persons so informed on, as it is an attempt to confer judicial power upon a prosecuting officer. The decision gives great comfort to liquor men and resumptionists, who are preparing to make a desperate fight this fall for the repeal of the prohibitory law. The decision was in a habeas corpus case brought to procure the release of a man from jail sent there under the law.

THE democrats have nominated Richard Vaux to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the death of Mr. Randall. He was formerly mayor of Philadelphia and a half a century ago was secretary of legation at the court of St. James. The fact that he had the honor on one occasion of dancing with Queen Victoria may not be in his favor, but it is stated that he will be elected beyond peradventure. He was nominated on a clear-cut tariff reform platform, which is rather singular, since Mr. Randall was a pronounced protectionist. The nomination is a capital one and very effectively settles the differences that threatened to disrupt the party in the district.

O. H. ROTHAUER, late editor of the Omaha Republican and formerly editor of the Louisville Sunday Argus, in which his undoubted genius was first displayed, is dead at the early age of 34, that dread disease, consumption, having cut him down before reaching the prime of what promised to be a very brilliant career. He married a daughter of Public Printer Rounds, but after a few years they separated, as there was little congeniality between them. The friends of his earlier days grieve over his untimely death and extol his virtues, which far outweighed the faults of this erratic genius.

THE House has passed Mr. McChord's bill, which is designed for a solution of the troubles in the mountain counties. It provides that the Commonwealth shall have a change of venue in criminal cases wherever it appears that a fair trial, by reason of a state of lawlessness in the community, cannot be had. The bill seems to be an excellent one and it is to be hoped that the Senate will promptly concur. It will prevent the necessity and expense of sending soldiers to the lawless counties, and from which no lasting good results.

THE Courier-Journal, Times and other newspapers are bringing great pressure to bear in favor of Mr. Carlisle for senator, and numerous counties are holding meetings and instructing for him. There is no doubt that the great statesman is fully deserving of the honor of an election, but the same thing can be said of McCreary, Knott and Lindsay, each of whom have served the party long and well. They are all good men and no matter which is elected, Kentucky will be well represented.

COL. C. P. ATKINS, in behalf of the L. & N., Mr. D. G. Edwards for the Queen & Crescent, W. H. Prouty for the N. N. & M. V., H. W. Fuller for the C. & O., and J. K. McCracken for the L. St. L. & T. have very kindly extended the courtesies of their roads to the members of the K. P. A. attending the Winchester meeting, and arrangements are being made by which an agreed certificate from the secretary shall be good for passage on any of the roads. In due time we will send a circular to each editor, with a request that he state the roads he will use in reaching Winchester.

THE Senate and House are at loggerheads on the dependent pension bill. The former body passed the identical bill which Grover Cleveland very properly vetoed several years ago, but the House changed it to a service bill, giving pensions to every soldier when he arrives at the age of 60. It is hoped that the breach will widen and that no agreement will be effected in the matter. The pension laws are already too liberal and too laxly construed.

THE dirty little prohibition papers have taken up the republican lie that Carlisle was drunk at Senator Beck's funeral and are making a great ado over it. There is not one word of truth in the story and it has so been proven, but that makes no difference with papers which start out to lie on their betters. They keep it up with the hope of fooling those who are idiotic enough to read only those lying sheets.

THE Frankfort Capital strikes the key note when it says with reference to the meeting of the K. P. A.: There will be no Old Point trip, that may depend upon. It is too far away for one reason; it is too expensive for another.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—The Legislature is absolutely doing nothing in the way of law-making.
—The Legislature has been in session to yesterday 140 days at a cost to the State of \$140,000 at least. During the time 2,124 bills have been presented, but less than half have been disposed of.
—The governor vetoed the bill to incorporate the Altamont & Manchester railroad because it conferred too many rights and privileges, such as the owning of mines, manufacturing establishments, lands, &c.

NEWS CONDENSED

—It is said that Senator Beck was only worth \$150,000.
—John G. Barnett, an estimable citizen of Louisville, is dead.
—Gen. Joe Johnston will unveil the Lee statue at Richmond, Va.
—It is stated that the E. T. V. & G. has bought the Louisville Southern.
—Five Italians and two negroes were injured by a blast near Nicholasville.
—The Richmond post-office sent out 7,415 letters and postal cards last week.
—It is estimated that the loss by Mississippi floods will amount to \$27,000,000.
—Judge George M. Sabin, U. S. District Judge of Nevada, died at San Francisco.
—Over \$100,000 worth of lots were sold at the first day's auction at Rockwood, Tenn.
—Mrs. Hannah Grissim dropped dead in Georgetown as she was returning from church.
—There are now 101 Union soldiers in Congress and 81 who served in the Confederate army.
—The Western railroads are at war and a rate of \$3 from St. Paul to Chicago is now being made.
—George Dowe brutally murdered his father-in-law, John Bruce, near Rock Haven and escaped.
—A heavy snow, eight inches at several points, fell in Minnesota and North Dakota Wednesday.
—A shad was recently caught in the Delaware river, measuring 31 by 8 inches and weighing 13½ pounds.
—Mason county instructed for Col. Matt. Adams for clerk of the Court of Appeals and Daviss for Madden.
—Two freights on the E. T. V. & G. collided near Chattanooga, killing 4 train men and causing a fearful wreck.
—J. Golden has been appointed postmaster at Burnside, Pulaski, and Mrs. E. M. Caton, at Pine Hill, Rockcastle.
—The republicans agreed on Col. Silas Adams as their candidate for U. S. Senator and he gets their 18 votes right along.
—Rev. Sam Snell, the evangelist, has announced himself as a candidate for the Georgia Legislature on the prohibition ticket.
—John S. Anderson, of West Virginia, brother of Judge Alex. Anderson, of Danville, died at the latter's home this week of paralysis, aged 50.
—Col. Samuel B. Churchill, Secretary of the State of Kentucky under Gov. John L. Helm, and a man of fame throughout the South, is dead at Louisville, aged 77.
—The C. & O. will put single-fare round-trip tickets on sale May 26 for the excursion to Richmond, Va., to attend the unveiling of the great Lee monument.
—A petition is being circulated in Boyle and being largely signed asking their representative to vote for Carlisle. The same thing is also being done in Shelby county.

—Mr. Butterworth is one of the Big Four of Ohio politics, and evidently means to have it understood that he is not a mere follower of Mr. McKinley, who is another of the Big Four. He spoke against his alleged tariff reduction bill Tuesday.

A BIG BREAK

In prices at

THE LOUISVILLE STORE

Never in the history of our establishment have we been able to make such an array of low prices as will prevail this week throughout every department. Our

Large Display of Men's and Boys' Hats

Are now ready for inspection and will be sold this week at the following cut prices: Boys' Buckeye Hats, full size, 5 cents apiece, worth 10c; Boys' Straw Sailer Hats 25c, worth 50c; Youths' fancy Straw Hats 40c, worth 65c; Men's Buckeye Hats 10c worth 20c, 15c worth 25c. Men's fancy Straw Hats 35c worth 50c, 50c worth 75c.

A BEAUTIFUL LINE

Of Men's Stiff Hats will be sold this week at \$1.50, worth \$2.50. We will sell this week a beautiful line of Gents' new Crusher Hats at 50c, worth 75c. Great Bargains for this week in Gents' Wool Hats at 50c, worth \$1 and all our better grades of Men's and Boys' Fur and Straw Hats will be sold this week for half their former price. We do not sell Hats just for fun, but we take great pleasure in assuring our friends that we lead the town in Hats, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, Carpets, Matting, &c., and pay and sell for cash. The qualities of the goods and the low prices draw the trade.

Main Street, Stanford,

M. SALINGER, MANAGER.

BY RECENT PURCHASES OUR STOCK OF

Dress Goods,

GINGHAMS, OUTING FLANNELS,

Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, &c.,

Is more complete than any time this season.

SEVERANCE & SON.

SPRING CLOTHING.

Our Goods are Now All In

And We Have

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Light and Dark Colors, Sacks and Frocks; also large line of Pants.

STAGG & McROBERTS.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks

And Spades;

Northern Seed Irish Potatoes, Red & White Onion Sets, Peas and Beans in bulk.

Also a full stock of Landreth's, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s and Crossman's Garden Seeds in papers.

STANFORD, KY., - MAY 16, 1890

SIX PAGES.

J. J. ALLEN R. F. ATWOOD.
ALLEN & ATWOOD,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
 Johnson City, Tenn.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
 Office on Main street, opposite Postman House,
 up stairs. Nitrous Oxide Gas given for painless
 extracting.
 STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

DR. W. B. PENNY,
Dentist.
 Office South side Main street, in office recently
 vacated by Dr. L. F. Hoffman, Stanford, Ky.

REMOVED!

I have removed my office to my residence, oppo-
 site Female College, where I will be found at all
 times.
 RUGG KELL.

W. R. CRESS,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
 Barbourville, Ky.,

Has for sale some of the choice property in the
 booming city of Barbourville. Correspondence
 solicited.
 7-11

WM. AYRES JAS. G. GIVENS.

AYRES & GIVENS,
 Attorneys at Law,
 327 Fifth St., - Louisville, Ky.

Shreve Building
 101-102

JAS. G. GIVENS FRANK MARIMON.

GIVENS & MARIMON,
 REAL ESTATE.

Pineville, - - Kentucky.

Town Lots, Coal, Iron and Timber Lands bought
 or sold on Commission. Correspondence
 solicited.
 101-102

NEWCOMB HOTEL,
 MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintain-
 ing its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Spe-
 cial attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.,
 Mt. Vernon, Ky.

OLD

WEATHERFORD HOTEL,
 HUSTONVILLE, KY.

P. W. GREEN, - - Proprietor.

Having leased the above hotel, refitted and re-
 furnished, I am prepared to accommodate the pub-
 lic in first-class style. Rates reasonable. Good
 Livery and Sample Rooms attached.
 10-11

THE RILEY HOUSE,
 F. B. RILEY, Proprietor,
 London, - - - Kentucky.

I have moved to my new Hotel and am better
 prepared than ever to accommodate the public
 in first-class style. Rates reasonable and con-
 venience desired. Give me a call.
 77

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
 J. B. OWENS, Manager,
 Harrodsburg, - Kentucky.

I have taken charge of this popular hotel
 and intend to run it in a first-class manner in every
 respect. It is being papered and painted from
 top to bottom, the building is being renovated and
 everything done to make it pleasant and comfort-
 able for guests. The table shall never be surpas-
 sed by hotels in this section.
 J. B. OWENS.
 9-10

THE MYERS HOUSE

E. H. BURNSIDE, Proprietor

No Hotel in Kentucky has a better reputation,
 and its proprietor is determined that
 shall be maintained.

He has recently added to its appointments

Pool and Billiard Parlors

Also—

A First-Class Livery Stable

To accommodate the demands of his increased
 transient patronage. Best Turnouts furnished
 Commercial Travelers and others.

R. B. GEOEGHAN,

SUCCESSOR TO—

M'MICHAEL, THE HATTER,

511 4TH AVENUE,
 LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The Nobbiest & Most Stylish

Stock of—

HATS,

Ever brought to the city of Louisville, now open
 including the world-renowned

KNOX & JOHN B. STETSON & CO'S HATS

And also my own importation of English Hats
 and Caps. An elegant line of Cane and Lyon's
 Celebrated Umbrellas always on hand. Fine

SEAL SKIN SACQUES, CAPS,

Gloves and other Furs, a specialty. Orders order-
 ed. City solicited, perfect satisfaction guaran-
 teed. - Don't fail to order a NOBBY HAT. 21-1

GUARD WELL THY HEART.

Guard well thy heart! 'Tis passion's enemy
 The child and God's sweet melody
 Be lost; 'tis from the reins heep
 The spirit of unrest and free,
 And over thy life dark chaos fall.

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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The afternoon is as bright as a glowing
 sun shining upon the fresh snow of the night
 previous can make it. The air is mild, and
 yet the snow has not melted enough to spoil
 the sleighing, and Tom Prince and Kitty
 Maynard are enjoying what is known in
 Felton as the "ten mile drive."

The "ten mile drive" is a long stretch of
 winding country roads, following which one
 circles three lakes, now frozen over; passes
 through the corners of three townships; and
 after all varieties of hill and dale, of woodland
 and of open, comes back to the village from
 which he started, pretty little Felton, nestled
 down upon the hills like a wood pigeon upon
 her nest.

Tom and Kitty had known each other from
 childhood, and in the days of boy and girl-
 hood, before they had gone away for what
 the farmers around called their "education,"
 they had played at being lovers in the
 regulation country fashion. Since Tom had
 graduated from college, however, and Kitty
 had returned from boarding school, there had
 been a manifest difference of relations be-
 tween them. It was perhaps that they did
 not wholly recognize each other in the ma-
 tured and changed person each met, and that
 it was harder to become acquainted with this
 stranger who bore the name of an old friend
 and showed so many of the old traits than it
 would have been to begin a fresh friendship
 with one who was really a total stranger.

They had grown shy of each other from the
 very strangeness of the new sensation
 which they felt in the presence of the other,
 and two or three times already had Miss
 Kitty declined an invitation from Tom to
 take this very "ten mile drive" upon which
 they had now embarked. Today, however,
 the delightful softness of the weather, the
 brilliancy with which the sun shone, the sight
 of the span of trotters in which Tom took a
 very justifiable pride, and perhaps some
 secret inclination to try a touch of the old
 time flirtation, had made Kitty say yes when
 he had fully intended to say no, and once
 the word had been spoken there was no draw-
 ing back.

It could not be denied that Tom handled
 the reins well, and it is probable that the
 young man himself was not ignorant of that
 fact, it not being a strongly marked charac-
 teristic of enamored swains to be wholly un-
 aware of the situations in which they are
 most likely to be pleasing to the eye of the
 fair woman who smiles they would win.

At least, whether he did or did not know
 it, Tom undeniably did drive well, and he
 also looked his best in the fur cap and fur
 trimmed coat in which upon this special day
 he was arrayed. Kitty, of course, pretended
 not to look at him at all, while as a matter
 of fact she could not have kept her eyes off
 him if her life had depended upon it.

She was well enough worth looking at her-
 self, it might be added, with her seal skins
 and the clear color in her cheeks. Tom
 thought she had never looked so pretty in
 her life, and it is not impossible that he was
 quite right in the matter. As the pair went
 skimming along to the jingling of the sleigh
 bells which has so many a time been be-
 praised and re-bathed, and which cannot
 become hackneyed or dull despite of it all,
 they were a very attractive and charming
 young couple, and that one could safely
 maintain in the face of whatever contradic-
 tion.

They had not much to say at first. Tom
 was a good deal occupied with his horses,
 which had not been out for some days and
 were fresh accordingly, and as for Kitty,
 she had enough to do in watching Tom and
 pretending that she was utterly indifferent
 whether she were here in the sleigh with
 Tom Prince, or seated at home darning over
 the most stupid book in her Aunt Priscilla's
 shelf of memoirs of dead and gone mission-
 aries. She was, besides, too blissfully con-
 tent to care whether she said anything or
 not, and it was not until they got to Akeley's
 Hill that they began to talk at all. Akeley's
 Hill was a long steep stretch of nearly a mile,
 one of those tedious hills which make driving
 in certain parts of New England so like doing
 penance in the steepest portions of the path-
 of virtue. The spancreped along for a little
 at the foot of the long grade, but they were
 acquainted with the place of old, and it
 hardly needed the rein to remind them that
 they had a deal of uphill pulling to do before
 they came to the top of the slope.

"It is strange how these old places bring
 up things," Tom said suddenly, as the sleigh
 guided more slowly. "Just then, when I
 looked up the sight of the old mill, and the
 feeling of going up Akeley's as I've gone so
 often, brought up that time when Tim Law-
 ton and May Manley were thrown out here.
 Don't you remember?"

"Remember?" answered Kitty. "I shouldn't
 forget if I should live to be a thousand years
 old. I was never so frightened in my life."
 "It was just such a day as this," Tom went
 on, "and you know that."
 "Don't," Kitty broke in.
 "Don't what?"
 "Don't talk of it till we get off this hill."

"Why not?"
 "It is silly, of course," she answered, "but
 it makes me nervous."

"Then I will not say a word more about it,
 not even to remind you that the stone they
 struck on is the one we passed five minutes
 ago."

"Wasn't it horrible?" Kitty went on, in-
 consistently ignoring her own words. "To
 think of his being killed when he was having
 such a good time."

"I don't know," Tom replied soberly. "It
 has always seemed to me that it is much bet-
 ter to get out of life when one is happy than
 when one is sad."

"Yes, in one way, of course it is," she as-
 sented; "but to leave pleasant things that
 are harder than to leave things that are not
 pleasant."

"We don't look at things so much from the
 standpoint of the person as from our own,"
 was his answer. "Now you take it in Tim's
 case. Everybody said how hard it was for
 him to be cut off just when he was happy and
 when he thought May would marry him; but
 that is not the way in which to look at it, it
 seems to me."

"It is only fair to consider that if he had
 lived he would have found out that May was
 playing fast and loose with him all the time,
 and he would have had to suffer not only
 from her deceit, but from the beastly mean-
 ness of his own brother, who had really taken
 her away from him. Don't you think that
 it was far happier for him to go while he was
 ignorant of all this, and while he was still

happy in believing that things were all as he
 wished them?"

"Oh, of course; but it seemed a pity that
 he could not know."
 "You think that he would fail to under-
 stand all this, and would be unhappy in
 another life because of the happiness he would
 have supposed himself to have lost in this?"

"It sounds a little immoral to put it in that
 way."
 "But isn't that about what you mean?"
 "Why, yes, I suppose it is. There seems a
 certain injustice in his not knowing that
 really his death was the best thing that could
 happen to him."

"And if the universe was managed in a
 feminine way," Tom said, smiling, "I sup-
 pose Tim would have been forced to have all
 this explained to him upon his entrance to
 another world so that he might suffer as
 much as possible in the knowledge that even
 the joy that he believed he had was a sham,
 and that there was only baseness and sorrow
 beyond it all. The alternative does not seem
 to me so much to be desired."

"Of course not, the way you put it."
 "And how would you put it?"
 "I should say that he should be assured
 that he had had the best of life, and that so
 his death was not really the misfortune it
 had seemed to him."

"But does it seem to you probable that he
 would believe it without having it proved?"
 "I don't know," she said doubtfully; "I had
 not thought of that."

Tom laughed with the easy masculine as-
 sumption of superiority and flicked his whip
 at the bushes which crowded down to the
 roadside.

"It was horrid of her, anyway," Kitty said
 irrelevantly, after a moment of silence.
 "Horrid of her?" Tom echoed.
 "Yes, of May Manley."

"Oh, May? yes."
 "But she got her reward."

They were silent again for a little time, and
 when he spoke again there was a new tone to
 Tom's voice.

"I suppose," he said, "that men never have
 any idea of what women really think of
 them."

"Why is it true of women? any more than
 of men? Do women ever know what men
 think of them?"

"Yes," Tom answered decidedly; "women
 always know, only they generally refuse to
 own it to anybody else, and not infrequently
 they will not even own it to themselves."

"I do not agree with you," Kitty returned,
 with an air which said far more than the
 mere words.

"Nonsense; of course you agree with me.
 The proposition is self evident. Now you
 know that here am I—"

"Isn't that blue sky just showing over the
 top of the hill just lovely?" interrupted Kitty
 abruptly.

"It is always so pretty to come up over this
 hill and see it come out over the lakes."
 Tom laughed significantly.

"Thank you for proving my proposition,"
 he said.

"Oh, no; of course not; and yet if you did
 not know what I was going to say why did
 you interrupt just then?"

"Why, I—I saw the sky just then."
 "Oh, you did?"
 "Of course I did."

"I suppose so; but that does not account for
 your feeling bound to break in just then when
 I was going to say—"

"I do not see," Kitty again interrupted
 hastily, "why you should make so much out
 of so little, as if I had some deep laid scheme
 in mind every time I spoke of the view."

"Then you did not know what I was about
 to say?"
 "Why, how in the world should I, Tom?"
 "Then why don't you ask what it was?"

"Oh," Kitty retorted, tossing her pretty
 head, "do you suppose that I think everything
 you might have said to be of so great impor-
 tance that it must be looked back to and care-
 fully called up if it does get interrupted?"

"Very likely not; that is what I complain
 of."

Kitty twined her muff in her hands, and
 Tom lashed the snow with his whip for a mo-
 ment, neither knowing just what to say next.
 Then Tom spoke again, a little savagely.

"But if you do not care what I said," he
 observed, "of course it is of no use for me
 ever to try to make you listen to it."
 "You do not put so much stress on my
 breaking in just then," she returned de-
 murely.

"But if you intended to stop me—"
 "I intended to speak myself, of course; and
 how could I speak unless you stopped?"

The top of the hill was reached at this mo-
 ment, and Tom relieved his feelings as far as
 he might by putting the horses at their full
 speed. The sleigh dashed along more swiftly
 than ever, while Kitty watched her com-
 panion furtively, wondering what he would
 say or do next, and a little afraid both to
 have him speak or to have him keep silence.

"For my part," began Tom, after a time,
 and then he left the sentence unfinished.

"Well, what for your part?"
 "For my part," he said savagely, "I never
 could see why a girl need act so just because
 she knows that—"

"Don't abuse girls," Kitty broke in so
 hastily that for the life of her she could not
 think of anything in particular to say.

FEEDING CALVES FOR BEEF.

A Nebraska Live Stock Farmer's Improved
 Methods—Meat Producing Machines.

I would prefer to have calves dropped
 in February and I would let them have
 all the milk until the following Septem-
 ber or October, then wean and give them
 all the clover hay they would eat, to-
 gether with all the shelled oats and
 shelled corn in equal quantities that can
 be crowded into them. And right here
 I wish to impress upon you, my brother
 farmers, that not until you recognize and
 accept as a correct axiom that the young
 meat producing animals kept on the farm
 are used as mere machines to convert
 grain into beef, pork and mutton, will
 the right kind of success attend you.

In the feeding of calves great care and
 judgment should be exercised in starting
 them right. At this period there is
 great danger of overfeeding and of blast-
 ing their future usefulness. For the first
 two or three weeks they must be fed
 very scantily with grain until all get
 down to business. From this on the ma-
 chines are to be run to their full capacity.
 The more feed you can get into them the
 larger will be the profit in the end.

The calves are kept on this feed and
 fed their grain twice each day, morning
 and night, in boxes, cleaning out the
 boxes at each feeding, until the grass is
 of sufficient size in the spring to make
 suitable feed.

They must at all times be liberally sup-
 plied with salt and have all the water they
 want, free from ice. The ice is
 kept out of the water tank by a tank
 heater, which can be run at a small ex-
 pense. When in the spring the grass is
 of sufficient size to turn on I should dis-
 card the use of the hay and oats and con-
 tinue the corn, either shelled or broken
 up.—George Wendell.

While over at Burlington, in Kit Car-
 son county, we saw one Christian farmer
 thereabouts. He was riding in a farm
 wagon behind a pair of patient oxen,
 harnessed like horses. The harness con-
 sisted of traces, girths, breeching, Dutch
 collars and reins. The reins were fast-
 ened into rings snapped into the noses of
 the horned brutes. The driver—a very
 patriarchal looking old fellow—managed
 them like a team of horses, and they
 obeyed the reins as readily. Besides be-
 ing much relief to the oxen, it appeared
 more businesslike to see the driver be-
 hind his team instead of at the side, as is
 usual. The old fashioned yoke is barbarous
 and very heavy to carry, while the
 harness looks light and quite in keeping
 with Christianity, civilization and mod-
 ern improvement. This was one indica-
 tion we observed in the reindeer.—Field
 and Farm.

I have often had Berkshire hogs weigh,
 when dressed, 250 pounds at 8 months
 old. Their hams and shoulders, when
 properly cured, find a ready market in
 all large cities, and are of such superior
 quality that private purchasers often
 order them from our farms six months
 in advance.

In 1869 I imported fourteen Berkshire
 hogs, a few of which I sold, to go to Mis-
 souri, at \$600 each. They were exhibited
 at the great pork packers' exhibition at St.
 Louis, in 1872, I think it was, where there
 were some 1,000 entries of all breeds
 from Europe, Canada and the United
 States, and these, with their progeny,
 took first prize on sow and sow, first and
 second prizes on sow and litter of pigs,
 first prize on hogs under a year old, and

prizes on pigs under six months old. I
 mention these facts to show the superi-
 ority of the breed, because these ani-
 mals were brought in competition with
 others of all breeds, and of course with
 the best specimens of them that could be
 procured.

The Berkshire is black in both hair and
 skin, but in dressing the black skin
 comes off with the hair and the pork
 dresses perfectly white. The hair is fine
 and glossy, but rather thin and quite free
 from all tendency to the woolly under-
 coat which is so much disliked in pigs.
 There is a white splash on the face, the
 feet are white and so is the end of the
 tail. These peculiar marks are all repro-
 duced very exactly in the pure breed.

I must say I know of no other variety
 of swine that is so desirable for the farm-
 er for hams, shoulders and bacon.—Wil-
 liam Crozier in "How the Farm Pays."

There are grazing tracts in Alabama
 where land is \$1 an acre and better 35
 cents a pound, while milk is 10 cents a
 quart.

If a hen eats her eggs, kill her.

The Southdown sheep is growing in
 popularity, and breeders are importing
 it in larger numbers than ever before.

Give cows at calving time bran mixed
 up with warm water. This food should
 be continued till the calf is a week old.

There is no such animal as a cholera
 proof hog. If any man wants to sell you
 such he is a swindler.

"I have determined never to physic
 any more cattle," says Mr. J. A.
 Campbell, of Jackson, Miss.

It is said that cattle sent from the north
 to the extreme southern states are at-
 tacked with an acclimation fever, and
 many of them die.

A tablespoonful of saltpeter once a day
 is recommended to cure bloody milk in
 cows.

The early chickens are the ones that
 pay best, by far. Pullets that are hatched
 out from the first to the middle of April
 will make good laying hens next winter.

Be no scrub farmer! Banish forever
 scrub stock and scrub crops and be a
 man among men.—Southern Live Stock
 Journal.

MISS KATE BOGLE

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Sur-
 veyor of Common Schools. Election first
 Monday in August next.

Dr. A. S. PRICE,
 SURGEON DENTIST.
 Office on Main street, over W. B. McRoberts'
 Drug Store, Stanford.

Farm For Sale.

I desire to sell my farm of about 130 acres, situ-
 ated about 15 miles north of Stanford on the
 Rush Branch pike, opposite the old church. There
 are about 50 acres in wheat and rye; the balance
 of the farm well set in timothy. Good dwelling
 of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid new
 barn; is well watered and fenced. Possession can
 be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P.
 Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at
 Cincinnati, Ohio.
 E. WITHERS.

POSTED.

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and
 others not to trespass on our lands without per-
 mission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full
 extent of the law. Signed:
 Dr. P. W. LOGAN,
 PHILBERT RICHARDS, JOSH ADAMS
 B. W. GAINES, J. B. MCKINNEY,
 Mrs. SAMFORD IRWIN, JOHN G. LYNN,
 Mrs. ALICE TUCKER, JOS. BALLOU.

STANFORD ROLLER MILLS.

All persons wishing a pleasant life and well
 pleased wife let them use Patent Flour made at
 Stanford Roller Mills. Call for it at your gro-
 cery, and if they have not got it on hand, urge
 them to keep it, or get an order from them and
 get it at the Mill and I will guarantee a pleasant
 and interesting family.
 W. N. POTTS, Superintendent.

C. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters,
 TANFORD, KY.

Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at
 factory prices.

J. H. HILTON

DILLIONS SWITCH, KY.

—Dealer In—

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Queens-
 ware, Tinware, Furniture and a

General Line of Groceries,

Fancy Candies, Cross Ties, &c.
 All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
 Postoffice, Livingston, Ky.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

W. H. JACKSON & CO., PRO'RS.

ISABEL.

—OR—

From Shop to Mansion.

THE ROMANTIC STORY

—OF A—

DRESS-MAKER'S RISE IN LIFE.

That good lady had resolved upon a strategic move, thinking that if she could surprise the enemy she would have a better opportunity to judge of its resources, so she had sent no intimation of her arrival. Her keen eyes were on the alert to observe any tokens of unwelcome changes or



MRS. MONTFORD MET HER IN THE HALL. Innovations as Mrs. Montford met her in the hall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Falconer have just gone horseback riding," she said, as Mrs. Stanford met her greeting with an inquiring look.

Mrs. Montford was not an ardent admirer of Mrs. Stanford; that lady had always assumed an air of lofty patronage toward her, especially galling to her self-respect, and had in addition shown a disposition to dictate in the management of her brother's household, a proceeding resented by the experienced housekeeper, who rightly thought that, as long as the master was satisfied with her methods, Mrs. Stanford had no occasion to interfere.

Mrs. Stanford was usually too well bred and discreet to discuss family matters with a hireling in any capacity, but in this case her curiosity got the better of her judgment, and she said, in a half whisper, as she sank on the drawing-room sofa:

"Pray, Mrs. Montford, what do you think of the new Mrs. Falconer?"

"Think of her, Mrs. Stanford," replied Mrs. Montford, heartily—she read curiosity and disappointment in the tone, and took up the defensive at once. "Why, I think she's a born lady, ma'am, and that your brother is a lucky man to have found such an excellent wife."

Mrs. Stanford was confounded. She had said: "Poor Montford," many times since hearing the news and expected to find the housekeeper in a state of jealous ill-humor at this sudden invasion upon her long-established position.

She had said "Poor Gracie," also, and had made it a part of her plan to take the child back with her to New York for an indefinite stay, as a missionary proceeding, to remove her from the atmosphere of the new stepmother.

"Poor Gracie" came dancing into the room, her cheeks rosy with health, her little face beaming with happiness, and dressed with the most perfect taste, a decided improvement on Mrs. Montford's rather stiff style of juvenile adornment.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "papa and mamma will be so surprised to see you!"

"Mamma, indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Stanford, inwardly, as she drew the little girl to her embrace. "So you love this new mamma, do you, my dear?" she said aloud.

"Oh, yes, auntie," cried the child. "She is such a dear, good mamma, how could I help it?"

"And papa loves her, too, I suppose," said Mrs. Stanford, artfully.

"Why, yes, I suppose," replied the little girl; "he don't say much, but he looks at her."

Mrs. Stanford laughed, as she said to herself: "He can not look at her for the sake of her beauty, certainly."

Meantime the husband and wife were having a delightful ride in a beautiful park, with no idea of the arrival in their home. Isabel found that her early practice in bareback riding was of use to her, and after the first awkwardness of the mount, riding was over, she sat in her saddle with ease and fearlessness, and could guide gentle Doc with scarcely an effort.

"I'm not sure that you will need any lessons," said Mr. Falconer, admiringly, as he noted her erect carriage. "You seem to be a natural rider, and with little practice you will do nicely. Dolly gallops beautifully, when you become enough accustomed to the saddle to try her."

Isabel's cheeks were glowing with exercise as they reached home; her hair, which the breeze had blown into a state of fluffy disorder, crept out from under her pretty hat in little moist rings upon her forehead, and she was smiling happily at some sally of Mr. Falconer's.

They lingered a moment in the hall after Tom had taken the horses, and Mrs. Stanford had time to brace herself and put on her most aristocratic air before Isabel, followed by her husband, entered the room.

Mrs. Stanford had made no allowances for the beautifying effects of happiness, the change which "peace and plenty" coming into a starved, cramped life can make, and she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her brother's wife and recognized "that homely girl" in the tall, graceful creature, the once thin face plump and ruddy, the eyes heavy with overwork and discouragement, now bright and sparkling, and she commented within herself: "Goodness! I shouldn't have known her."

"My dear sister!" said Mr. Falconer, taking Mrs. Stanford's hand in his, "this is indeed a surprise, for we expected a telegram before you arrived." Then, with as much respect as if presenting a Duchess he said: "Let me present to you my wife, Mrs. Falconer."

Isabel took the offered hand of her sister-in-law, saying with gentle dignity: "Welcome to our home, Mrs. Stanford; permit me to hope that our acquaintance will prove mutually agreeable."

Nothing but Mrs. Stanford's willingness to find fault in her could have construed the quiet sentence into any thing improper, but that lady, with some politely civil reply outwardly, thought inwardly: "Our home, indeed! a shop-girl welcoming me to 'our home' with such an air!"

She could not deny to herself that, after the awkwardness of the first meeting wore off, the new mistress did the honors of the household with graceful dignity, and she found herself involuntarily admiring her as she came down attired in an afternoon dress of heavy silk, beautifully made, and worn with an unconscious nonchalance far removed from the "dressed up" parents air, which Mrs. Stanford so heartily despised.

She had come with the benevolent intention of giving her new relative numberless lessons in deportment, but she hardly knew where to commence and wisely concluded to defer her instructions.

She watched every movement, fully prepared to criticize, though Isabel seemed serenely unconscious of the fact. A lady called in the afternoon. Mr. Falconer's "At Home" cards had met few responses, the most of the recipients being out of town, but Mrs. Colonel De Long recognized in her a congenial spirit, and appeared at her best, to Mrs. Stanford's surprise, for she had looked to see her abashed in the presence of the stylish stranger.

She was, happily, one of the frank, open-hearted women whom society can not spoil, her heart remaining in a state of healthy development, in spite of the requirements of fashionable life, and Isabel recognized in her a congenial spirit, and appeared at her best, to Mrs. Stanford's surprise, for she had looked to see her abashed in the presence of the stylish stranger.

"I do believe the girl's effrontery will carry her through any thing," she commented with herself, as the ladies chatted easily on various topics; still she was secretly pleased, also, with the ability of her new relative to acquit herself so creditably in such a presence.

"You have reason to congratulate yourself on such a charming accession to your family," said Mrs. De Long, as Isabel excused herself for a moment to bring a book, of which they had been speaking, from the library. "We shall be delighted to welcome her among us," and though Mrs. Stanford received the communication with a sense of relieved gratitude, she was still in a tremor of anxiety lest it leak out in some unlooked-for manner that she had been one of the despised class, among a certain class of aristocrats, "a shop-girl."

"What do you think of her?" Isabel had gone to her room, and the brother and sister were alone.

"Really, Harvey, she would be an exceptionally fine woman if it were not—" and Mrs. Stanford stopped abruptly.

"For the terrible fact that she has once earned her bread by the honest toil of her hands," said Mr. Falconer, finishing her sentence with a slightly sarcastic smile.

"Now see, my dear sister, how differently you and I view this question; in my eyes this fact only strengthens my admiration for her, and shows me that she is a woman of resources and ability."

"Yet you do not proclaim it publicly," said Mrs. Stanford, a little irritably; "so you see you are not consistent."

"You will admit, however, that the fact did not influence my choice," he replied, quietly; "you are only one of a large circle who have this foolish prejudice against honest labor. The fact will be known, sooner or later, of course, but I prefer that Isabel shall have the opportunity to form certain acquaintances first, after which I have no idea that the knowledge will harm her in the least."

"Mrs. Colonel De Long seemed charmed with her to-day," said Mrs. Stanford, reflectively, "and I must confess I never saw any one who dropped more readily and easily into luxurious belongings."

"You will find that mere externals are not all there is commendable in Isabel," resumed Mr. Falconer, with a gratified smile, "and Mrs. De Long is just the woman to find these out, and with her friendship—" but as the rustic of Isabel's dress was heard on the staircase, no more was said.

"You have not inquired for Mme. Arnot," said Mrs. Stanford, as Isabel was seated; Gracie was in Mrs. Montford's room, and the three were together; there was a little malicious curiosity in the remark, to see how Isabel would take the allusion to her past life.

"I am not aware that I have any desire to hear from Mme. Arnot," she replied, coldly; she recognized the covert fling which sought to bring her former poverty to her mind.

"Why?" said Mrs. Stanford, elevating her eye-brows with well-affected surprise. "Because she is a selfish, cruel woman," replied Isabel, with more heat than she had shown since she had become Mrs. Falconer, "and because she has a little power which money gives her she rules her work-women with a rod of iron."

"What, that weak, pretty little woman?" said Mrs. Stanford, incredulously.

"The very same," replied Isabel, wrathfully. "Rising from the most abject poverty herself, she has no pity for others who are poor, and grinds every ounce of work and humiliation and self-respect out of her girls that is possible. I should like to hear how Lottie and Jennie and the other girls are, but I do not care to hear of Mme. Arnot."

"She was complaining bitterly of her trials when I was in there last," said Mrs. Stanford, ignoring Isabel's last remark. "In the first place, you, who had always been her favorite, her right-hand assistant—how much of that she put on for my benefit I do not know—(Isabel's nose went up scornfully) had left her suddenly; Jennie Dwyer had gone soon after, and the girl you call Lottie was sick."

"Lottie sick, dear sweet little Lottie sick," interrupted Isabel; "did she say of what?"

"Her lameness, I believe, which had become so painful that she could not get to and from her work."

"Poor little girl! She is the dearest and sweetest little martyr that ever lived," cried Isabel, pitifully; "it must be the fever sore has broken out again, and her parents are so poor they need every penny she can earn." Tears stood in Isabel's eyes, and she was scornful no longer. "Mrs. Stanford, won't you go and see her when you return?"

"Me! well, that would be a new role for me to appear in," replied the lady; "probably she lives in some low, filthy street; really, my dear Mrs. Falconer, that is asking too much, but I'll tell the district visitors or send the servants if you wish."

"My dear, dainty sister," said Mr. Falconer, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, with a touch of wholesome disdain in his voice, "if the Lord of Glory had come on earth in your time, you would decide at once that a manner was altogether too low a place for you to visit Him in, and would no doubt send your respects by a servant or district visitor."

"Harry Falconer!" The lady was really shocked. "What an idea; as if there were any parallel between the two cases."

"I'm not an extensive Bible reader, but I have a faint recollection of something in it like this: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me,' replied Mr. Falconer, quietly.

"Pardon me if I seem rude, Mrs. Stanford," said Isabel, "but I recall my request. Please do not go, for Lottie is so sensitive, so quick to read hearts and faces, that she would detect a proud or unsympathetic thought at once."

"Have no fears; I didn't have the least intention of going," replied Mrs. Stanford, with a hard little laugh; "it's quite out of my line; but speaking of my return, I have a proposition to make. What do you say to lending Gracie to me for a few months. Lottie is gone and I am very lonely," she spoke feelingly now, and with a much softer tone.

Isabel looked inquiringly at her husband, who answered promptly: "Why no, Emily, we could not think of sparing the child; could we, Mrs. Falconer?"

"Certainly nothing but a desire to oblige Mrs. Stanford could be an inducement, and we should miss her very much," replied Isabel, thoughtfully; she had not realized how the little one had crept into her heart.

"It would not be at all advisable," rejoined Mr. Falconer, decidedly; but hearing Gracie's light step in the hall, "we will leave it to her, and see if she wishes to go. How is it, Gracie?" as the child came in, and, as looking over the new wardrobe and discussing styles.

"If you will allow me to compliment you," said Mrs. Stanford, as she inspected the garnet velvet with the eye of an expert, "I must say you have shown the most perfect taste in your selections." She had expected to see a gaudy display, such a mistake as might easily have been made by a less pure taste.

Isabel received the commendation with a flush of pleasure; she was anxious to be friendly with this haughty sister-in-law, though she did not intend to cringe, or sacrifice a shade of her self-respect, to gain her friendship, and it was pleasant to hear a compliment from her, even upon the secondary topic of dress.

"It is the first time I have ever had the opportunity of pleasing myself without regard to expense," she replied, quietly, "and doubtless my taste will improve with opportunity and culture."

"I don't see how it can," said the other, with candor. "I haven't told you of Lilly's wedding gifts, have I?" she continued, with a mother's pride in her only daughter's marriage festivities.

"I shall be delighted to hear," said Isabel, cordially. "Admire Mrs. Norton so much, and am in such haste to make her acquaintance."

The balm was soothing to the mother's heart, and she replied cordially also, with a little laugh: "The admiration is mutual, then, for Lilly quite raves over you; that picture which you and Harvey sent quite captivated her, and it is a beauty; it takes a front rank in her list of gifts," and then followed a description of the wedding and trousseau, which occupied the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon more callers came in. Mrs. Harry Dwight among them, another prominent lady in the circle which Isabel was expected to enter.

She had tired of Newport, she said, and had come home to rest; she was a bright, captivating little body, and, like a brazen breeze, cheered and cleared the atmosphere wherever she went. Society had quite failed to spoil her, and she carried her warm heart where nature had placed it, in direct communication with her bright, busy brain, and her deeds of charity and kindness will perhaps never be estimated until she meets them again in that hereafter, where even the kindly word and modest cup of cold water are not forgotten.

"We shall have such a delightful opportunity to get acquainted before the season commences," she said, brightly. "If I only knew how to knit I would put on a black silk apron and come over and bring my knitting, as grandmamma used to do."

"But in lieu of knitting, please lay aside formality and come in without ceremony," said Isabel, gracefully, meeting her caller's cordiality. Mrs. Stanford was more than ever impressed with her new sister's ability to make her way in society, and she was in a very amiable frame of mind as evening drew near, which fact Mr. Falconer observed with pleasure.

"We will spend the evening in the 'home room,'" he said to Isabel in a low voice, as they passed out of the dining-room.

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The remainder of Mrs. Stanford's visit was very pleasant and she seemed striving to atone for her first unkindness. "If there is anything in which I can be of assistance to you," she said the following morning as they were sitting in the library. She spoke with a little hesitation; she did not wish to be patronizing, but she was so accustomed to being so that she feared to blunder into it unconsciously.

"I am ignorant on some points, I will confess," replied Isabel, frankly. "There are certain forms and ceremonies in society in which I have hitherto had no need to educate myself; the folding of a card and such minutia of etiquette, for instance. Mr. Falconer's education had also been neglected on such points, I observe."

"Yes, indeed," laughed Mrs. Stanford. "Harvey cares no more for such small etiquettes than as if they did not exist," and then followed a condensed compendium of fashionable forms.

"Be sure you spend Christmas with us," was Mrs. Stanford's last words before the carriage drove away. "Lilly and Ralph will be home, and we shall rely on you also."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Stanford, as he came home and found his wife in her usual place at the dinner table, "what of that terrible creature, your brother's wife?"

"Morton," she replied, and she meant every word fully. "Mrs. Harvey Falconer is a remarkable woman."

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The heated season was over and the greater portion of the city's people were at Long Ago; meantime Isabel had made a few very pleasant acquaintances, and was on friendly, and even intimate, terms with Mrs. Colonel De Long, who had discovered that which Mr. Falconer had hoped she would in his wife, qualities of more value than mere external graces.

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also become an informal visitor, and was enthusiastic in her praises of Mrs. Falconer. Cards were out for a very select party to which the Falconers were invited, and Isabel and Mrs. Dwight were out shopping. "If I were you I should much prefer the undressed kid," said Mrs. Dwight, "it is more stylish."

"Then of course I must submit to it, even though I do not like it as well," replied Isabel, laughing.

"Out of fashion, out of the world," smiled Mrs. Dwight.

"Even in so small a matter as gloves, I think sometimes a woman is a perfect martyr to fashion." A rustle of silks at her side caused Isabel to look up from the kids she was examining.

Mrs. Harvey, a lady whom she had met and liked particularly, stood beside her, and cordially held out her hand. Another lady stood by her side, whose face Isabel did not notice as she took Mrs. Harvey's hand.

"My dear Mrs. Falconer, so happy to meet you," cooed Mrs. Harvey. "Allow me to present to you my friend, Mrs. Monteth, of New York, Mrs. Falconer."

Mrs. Monteth's eyes had been fixed on Isabel's face in a cold stare of recognition, and, as Mrs. Harvey pronounced the name, she looked for the first time into the cold face, and caught the unwinking stare in its perfection.

Every trace of color left her face in her indignation as she met the look, and was reminded by it of the insults this woman had delighted to heap upon her in the past, but she controlled herself enough to acknowledge the introduction by a coldly civil bow, but Mrs. Monteth tossed her head scornfully, and gave no token of having heard it.

"I have met this Mrs. Falconer before," she said in an aside to puzzled, mortified Mrs. Harvey.

Isabel's face was a study, and Mrs. Dwight, too indignant to finish her shopping, drew her away as soon as possible.

"For pity's sake, Mrs. Falconer, do tell me why that ill-bred woman should treat you in that shameful way," she said, as soon as the carriage was in motion.

"It is a very short story," said Isabel, bitterly. "Mr. Falconer first met me behind a millinery counter in New York where this woman was a frequent customer, and where she delighted in heaping insults upon me as a shop-girl. He fancied me, and brought me here as his wife."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Dwight, now that the murder is out, your sympathies will be with Mrs. Monteth," and she looked sadly in her friend's face.

"You do me injustice, Mrs. Falconer," replied Mrs. Dwight, warmly, laying her hand on Isabel's, which was trembling with excitement. "I trust a fashionable life has not ossified my heart completely, and you may rely upon my friendship and support."

"Believe me, your friendship is appreciated," said Isabel, gratefully, returning the pressure of the friendly hand, "and now that you have heard so much of my history, perhaps you would like to hear more," and she gave a brief sketch of the principal events of her life up to the present.

"Why, it is a real romance," cried Mrs. Dwight, when she had finished; "I always liked Mr. Falconer, but I am sure that he is a perfectly grand man now."

"So am I," said Isabel, with a sigh. "If I could only love him as he so richly deserves."

"You will! Love can not help coming to reward such a kind, unselfish character."

Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Monteth, in the meantime, had left the store.

"Pray tell me what you can have against Mrs. Falconer," said Mrs. Harvey, coldly. "I think you owe me an apology for treating a friend of mine so rudely." She was not at all afraid of Mrs. Monteth's elegant apparel or snobbish manners; within her own recollection she had been forced to live plainly, having only been so prosperous for a few years. She had always visited Mr. Harvey's family, and his young wife had never inquired upon what ground the acquaintance originated.

"I am not accustomed to treating shop-girls as equals," replied Mrs. Monteth, with disagreeable haughtiness; "your friend, Mrs. Falconer, was nothing but a common shop-girl when Mr. Falconer took her up and married her, and I made up my mind when I heard the disgraceful story from Mme. Arnot, her employer, that if ever I came to Philadelphia I would expose her."

